

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.
Daily and Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$4.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....\$3.50 per year

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....45 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.50 per year
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.00 per year

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Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING
Special Agency, Brunswick Building
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAM-
HAM, Boyce Building.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1910.

Roosevelt's Transportation Bill.

A stockholder of the Pennsylvania Railroad makes the startling statement through the New York World that that company is carrying on its books accounts aggregating over \$100,000 for transportation furnished to Theodore Roosevelt during his Presidency of the United States.

A large part of the traveling by which this expense or indebtedness was incurred was on personal and political missions.

The Pennsylvania Company does not say that any debt really exists. It explains that the transportation was furnished upon request—the specific desires of the President in the way of private car and accessories being met "without expectation of payment." Nevertheless, the books of the company show the actual cost to it of all this traveling—an account chargeable to loss.

It is a disclosure as painful as it is startling, and if it does not point a moral or adorn a tale, at any rate it reflects discredit upon the government and illuminates a system scandalously wrong, and which, happily, we are done with forever.

Roosevelt's worst enemy will not harbor the thought that this corporation gratified his Executive acts or affected his administration policies in the very least, but his best friends will deplore that he acquiesced so readily—not to say extravagantly—in such a system and failed to thunder out against it, as he was wont to do against other evils of the day.

Presidents before him had the railroads at beck and call, of course. What the grand aggregate of such accounts would be—these outlays chargeable to loss—nobody can tell at this late day. We can only hope, and believe, that the use of such privileges, under the abominable system, grew with the country's growth and the increasing demands upon the Executive. Retrospect, in this connection, is not potent to modify the meaning of the startling facts now produced. But there is reassurance in the knowledge that, thanks to anti-pass legislation, tardily enacted, and an annual appropriation of \$25,000, none too liberal, now provided to cover the President's traveling expenses, nothing of the shameful sort will occur again.

Congress, at the coming session, as one of its first acts, should settle this Pennsylvania Railroad bill, and settle any other bills of the sort that may still be standing. The debt should be paid.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson was playing golf when he heard the news of his nomination. Golf, he remembered, is the pastime of Presidents.

Reciprocity with Canada.

Once more the long mooted question of reciprocity with Canada has come to the fore, and this time, it is believed, with a much greater chance of some real good being accomplished than ever before. In both countries the sentiment in favor of some measure of reciprocity has been growing, urged on, doubtless, by general dissatisfaction over the tariff, over high prices and the cost of living.

Canadian statesmen, having been rebuffed in the overtures they made on two previous occasions of the meeting of the Joint High Commission, vowed that thereafter negotiations looking for reciprocal measures must come from the United States, and the revival of the talk about the possibility of a reciprocity treaty has been brought about through the overtures made by our government to Ottawa. The time has been well chosen. Canadian statesmen are in a mood to listen.

When the Liberal government came into power in Canada two years ago it adopted the policy of its late opponents, the Conservatives, and became avowed protectionists. It seemed then as if the sentiment of the larger part of Canada was for high tariff, and reciprocity seemed neither necessary nor desirable. But times have changed in Canada, as with us. There, too, has been insolvency. Premier Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been traveling over the Dominion and he has met committees of workmen, farmers, and merchants, and he discovered a strong sentiment in favor of doing away with the tariff on many articles. The farmers of Canada are, on the whole, in favor of free trade; the communities on the border wanted reciprocity; the small manufacturers wanted free American coal. The Canadian tariff has sent prices in the Dominion soaring, and just now economic conditions over there make the time particularly favorable for a renewal of the reciprocity discussion.

Premier Laurier has already shown his willingness to re-open the matter, and he is preparing—this time without the mediation of Great Britain—to re-assert the Joint High Commission, before which the whole matter may be thrashed out.

"We do not believe Philadelphia will catch Chicago," says an exchange. We hope not, for Philadelphia's sake. There is enough the matter with Philadelphia now!

Spanish in American Schools.

Spanish should be the second language learned by every American. From a business point of view, its importance is second only to English.

From a literary point of view, while not as rich as French or German, it has resources which will never be exhausted by any American student. Cervantes' writings are in no sense inferior to Shakespeare's. Lopez de la Vega's plays show as keen an insight into human nature as do those of the great English dramatist.

The commercial importance of Spanish is conceded by every thinking person. After English, it is probably the most widely diffused language in the world. India and China have their hundreds of millions of people, but in each country one has to travel but a few miles to find a different language or dialect.

Spanish has not only a great past, but also a great future. Things are happening in the countries to the south of us. Great cities have been built and hundreds of thousands of immigrants yearly settle in these countries, where land is still cheap. The larger countries are honeycombed with railways and industrial establishments.

Our consuls have repeatedly urged upon manufacturers that salesmen might as well be dumb as not know Spanish, in doing business with Latin America. The government spends money freely to support an institution whose chief "raison d'être" is to promote American trade with these countries.

But what have the schools done? Practically nothing. Many of them print Spanish courses in their catalogues, but have appointed no teachers to give the instruction.

Every one will admit that if nations understood each other better they would soon come to appreciate each other's virtues. Few people who learn the language and really mix with Spanish-speaking people fail to be inspired with a positive liking for both the language and the people.

In brief, it is high time for our schools to get busy and remove this "tariff on ideas" which ignorance of foreign languages imposes.

To use an eloquent baseball term, Mr. Ballinger does not, evidently, approve of the sacrifice hit.

Pure Food.

One of the most interesting features of the National Pure Food Show in New York City are the demonstrations in "kitchen chemistry" given by the pupils of the Massachusetts State Normal School at Westfield. This work at Westfield has been going on for several years, and so thorough has been the course of education that the demonstrations now show visitors the many ways in which the modern housekeeper is imposed upon and cheated. Among other things they showed last week was that out of twenty articles sold as vegetable coloring no less than twelve were coal-tar products. Out of twelve samples of baking powder, many were found to contain alum and clay.

Patent medicines examined and analyzed were found to contain habit-forming drugs—opium in its various forms, cocaine, chloral, ether, alcohol, and potassium bromide. A far of preserved cherries was found to have been prepared with the much-discounted benzoate of soda and colored with coal-tar dye, and among other adulterations there was candy made largely of horsehoof glue, shellac, coal-tar dye, and other appetizing substances; there were peanuts glistening with shellac, but supposed to be coated with sugar, and there was ice cream made heavy with glue.

It is through such demonstrations as this that the general public can come to see and realize the value of the work that has been carried on by Dr. Wiley and his assistants. On the part of the dealers and vendors there seems to be no scruples about poisoning the consumer. Stuff is made to sell; cheap and nasty seems to be the motto of many manufacturers. And these deleterious products may be primarily responsible for many of the ills to which "the flesh is heir."

We are fortunate that science and education are coming to our aid. So soon as the general public realizes the extent to which fraud and deception are carried on in the matter of foodstuffs, so soon will there be created a healthy public sentiment in favor of pure-food laws.

It is plain that those Minnesota chaps who turned down Mr. Tawney do not quite agree that the Aldrich-Payne tariff is "the best ever."

If Mr. Schwab is going to build a new navy for China, he ought to be made to guarantee that Japan will not swipe it.

Even as a press agent, Bob Chanler is hardly earning his \$20 a month.

People who are worried about the high cost of living might recall, as some compensation, that at least we do not constantly hear the "Merry Widow" waltz nowadays.

It is too bad that George Ade was not here to welcome him, but—Welcome, Sultan of Sulu!

A Chicago dressmaker says that dresses should be made to fit, not alone the body, but the disposition. But some women have such mean dispositions.

Well, at any rate, the Sultan has had a clever press agent preparing us for his visit.

their friend Mr. Heike got an eight months' sentence.

The Peoria Journal says that "Uncle Joe Cannon is not so dead as you might suppose." No; he is lively enough. His friends and supporters are being mowed down, however.

As if he were stating something entirely novel, Prof. Clark, of the University of Chicago, says that woman ruled man for centuries.

A New York couple, after counting for sixty years, have just been married. They will have no time left to repent at leisure.

The Birmingham Age-Herald says "King Corn is snapping his fingers." We would like to see him do it. But he may be "wagging his ears."

Jerome Lillie, the gentleman who got mixed up with Mr. Cudahy, is very polite to the reporters who interview him. Fame has not puffed him up a bit.

A covey of partridges was caught, they say, in a Georgia hotel. In the icebox, we presume.

Cigarette packages are to be reduced in size. But they will still have room for the pictures, you may be sure.

A number of unemployed actors of New York are going West to work on farms. The rural drama will do some of them a lot of good.

That New York porter who found a pocket-book containing \$2,500 and got a \$5 bill as a reward probably does not believe that honesty is the best policy.

The government is going to put 4,000,000 fish into the Great Lakes. That ought to furnish enough material for next year's fish stories.

It will be much easier to raise the Maine than it has been to get the work started.

OVERDOING PLEASURE.

Reading Habit Destroyed by Distractions of City Life.

From the Rochester Herald.

Amiability and optimism shine forth from every page of the writings of Irving Bacheller, himself one of the most lovable of men, but there is a note of impatience with the trend of the times in a recent interview with him printed in a New York newspaper. And it is a point of view he presents with which one must sympathize. It is that the distractions of city life, ever on the increase, are destroying the reading habit. And the reading habit destroyed, the public must necessarily descend into a condition of ignorance.

If it is not one thing it is another. The automobile, the flying machine, the motor boat, the theater, golf, and the card game, everything but reading. "Every one is on the move. Our homes are almost deserted, and we rarely see the light of our reading lamps. Ministers complain of empty churches. Men who used to kneel at the altar may be seen on the road of a Sunday lying humbly on their backs in the sand, praying to a new god and trying to soften his heart with oil or open the gates of mercy with a monkey wrench."

Every one is on the move who can find the way. On Sunday it is the same. Church attendance is neglected. Men maintain their pews in church, but they are filled, if filled at all, by strangers. After a while, it is easy to foresee, they will consider the neglected pew a poor investment, and the church will have to get along without their aid. However, the case is not entirely hopeless. There will always be a few left to prefer the country as a place of residence, and these few may serve to keep our printing presses running and our authors reasonably busy. Let us hope so, at least.

Sober Note from West Africa.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A bewildering wealth of wild life was to be expected in the region in Africa recently traversed by Col. Roosevelt, but there need be no anxiety about the immediate civilization of other portions of the continent and consequent banishment of the animals. Here is a paragraph from one of the reports of a British commissioner to one of the provinces of the Gold Coast in West Africa, which tells its own story:

The telegraph line at Attilla has been interrupted from time to time by the graminaceous erections of the large monkeys who haunt the neighborhood.

There is a juxtaposition of the wild and the tame, the natural and the artificial, that is too good to be lost forever in the dry archives of official reports.

In the Alfalfa Dialect.

From the Cleveland Leader.

The children of the newly rich Nevada were given a governor.

She found them waiting about the doorway when she entered the gilded Fifth avenue home.

"Do you know any fairy tales, dear?" they clamored in chorus.

"Why, yes," she replied, "which of them would you like to hear?"

"Give us the 'one about the filly that cast a shoe,'" cried little Jane.

So the governess told them the story of Cinderella.

Her Jewels.

From the Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Suburban (to neighbor)—Willie and Bobbie, aren't you from school yet, and here it is 10 o'clock. Did you see anything of my precious jewels as you came along?

Mr. Nextdoor—Nexdoor—Your precious jewels are in soak, madam. I just saw them swimming in the river.

A RHYME OF THE ROAD.

I bless that man whose kindness ends These avenues of shade, And may his place in Heaven be yet By many a green arcade!

The trees of Heaven are dark and wide; Sweet shade here they have found; Our God Himself at eventide Walks there in shadow hid.

Now may he pause mid heavenly folk; Becloud that man and say: "Why, yes," she replied, "which of them would you like to hear?"

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